

The Pocahontas Times,

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brother Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Goats,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it. — BURNS

Local Events.

Mrs Dr Cunningham has been quite sick for sometime.

Henry A. Yeager has purchased the Durbin Hotel now managed by C. A. Yeager.

Harry Echols of Lewisburg is here. He will engage in the drug business in Marlinton.

Four pardons were granted by the Board of Pardons at its recent session. Alex Armstrong was not among them.

The postmasters have been ordered to weigh all mails received for thirty days each class separately. This is for the purpose of statistics.

R. B. Slaven the tinner has more orders for work in his line than he can fill without working all day and much of the night.

A. G. Cunningham of Monterey, accompanied by Mrs Cunningham and Mrs Cross, have been visitors at Dr Cunningham's for several days.

Captain McClung of Lewisburg has been in Pocahontas for some time on business with the farmers, and made a rapid canvas of the county.

The injury sustained by Busard's wrecked engine is not so great as was first feared. The broken parts may be replaced without returning it to the shops.

Since the bicycle era has arrived the Valley Pike from Staunton to Winchester, 90 miles, has become favorite road much used by the wheelers.

Persons who have been busking their corn on upper Swago are pleased by the yield and quality as being beyond what they had expected.

The dry weather the past few weeks has made the fall pasture so scant that in places parties have commenced feeding and which will make the feeding season long.

An effort has been made to have the mail leave Lewisburg at 6 a. m. and arrive at Marlinton at 5 p. m. The petition was not well received at Lewisburg.

The government is about to adopt a postal money order which will be arranged in much better form than the present awkward document. It will be like a bank draft.

Mrs George Overholt has been a sufferer from spinal affection the past several months evidently the results of injuries received in her early girlhood by falling from peach tree.

A group of neighbors in The Hills, consisting of four or five families living in sight of each other, have between three and four hundred turkeys roaming their fields in common.

Jasper Aldridge is teaching the Dry Branch school with an encouraging enrollment. Douglas McNeill teaches the Buckeye school. Grace McNeill opened the Hefner School on Monday, her first school.

Last week two persons shucked about seven bushels of corn in W. T. Moore's corral, Brown's creek, and carried it away. And while at work they were so merciful to their beast as to give it a good feed.

C. B. Cook has purchased the tract of 904 acres of land on the head of Clover Creek belonging to Moore, Barlow, McAllister, and Price, and the 270 acres belonging to Rev William T. Price adjoining the same.

Mrs Jonathan McNeill, whose arm was amputated a year or two since for cancerous affection, is in comfortable health and as yet no symptoms of a relapse tho a great sufferer at intervals from neuralgic pains in the remnant of her arm.

An explosion wrecked the large brick building of the Buxton and Landstreet Company at Thomas, W. Va., last week. A Mr Nickols, book-keeper, who was sleeping in the building was killed. The explosion was caused by gas generated by coal oil. A fire destroyed the building.

W. W. Tyree found 26 full grown chickens dead in his coop one morning last week. Each had the big vein of its neck opened and it was pronounced to be the work of a weasel, whose bloodthirstiness is his most notable quality. The next night the owner of the coop watched nearly all night for it to reappear but went to bed without seeing it. It came back then and killed six more.

Mr Henry Sharp on Douthard's Creek, a veteran hunter, was fired but two shots with a shotgun during his life. First time about ten years ago and killed a deer. The second on September 18th and brought down the first turkey of the present season, so far as our information goes. This was done in a style that was effective and the game not injured in the least for table use. Both legs of the bird were broken at the knee joint, the brain was pierced, and a few shots to the upper part of the neck.

Railroad Work.

Pitts Camp is working about 120 hands and are divided into five gangs, working on the hillside opposite the mouth of Stoney Creek. While there are a few teams and carts at work most of the force is employed in pick and shovel work. A large force of men and teams worked several days in breaking up the surface soil a distance of two hundred feet through a dense thicket of small laurel and other brush. This is where the road emerges into the bottom land and the fill commences.

Solid rock, covered with a thin layer of soil was struck above Colonel Gay's fields. Here the rock is broken up by blasting, and the debris removed by crowbar, pick and shovel. The work is interesting to watch. After a shot the air is full of small stones for a hundred feet around, and large rocks are blown into the middle of the river.

A couple of photographers visited the works Monday, and when they had set up their apparatus and made arrangements for a picture, the men got the unusual order from the bosses to "stand still!"

An Irishman named "Mike," a shoveler, had a misery in his back, due to stooping so much over his short handled shovel. The boss spoke to him several times. At last Mike remarked in a complaining tone: "Is every man on the works named Moike?"

He calls shoveler a "walking-stick," and said, "It's hell to be a walkingstick!"

Pay day comes the 20th of each month. We would advise the boys to "go slow" on speak easy whiskey for much of it is rank poison in the literal sense of the word. It has been dubbed "dope" by one railroad man. If the victim recovers at all he is sick for a month.

Crogan & Hanchel have erected a fine derrick to build the Knapp's Creek bridge. They are getting building stones each one of which approximates 4000 lbs. that a wagon will bear. The derrick at the stone quarry fell down the other day among the men, but no one was hurt. One of the large timbers brushed the clothes of one of the men.

John L. Pitts is running a big camp at Marlinton. About fifty hands came on last week. A lot of wheel scrapers came on last week and work has begun on the fill through Marlinton. A large number of the men in this camp come from North Carolina. One intelligent young fellow from Charlotte expressed astonishment that farm hands get as high as \$15 per month in this country.

Vice-president Decatur Axtell and Secretary C. E. Wellford of the C. & O. accompanied by Judge Moore of Covington, came up the river over the right of way last week. Mr Axtell is a tall, good-looking man, apparently about fifty years old. He began as a civil engineer and worked his way up to his present situation. He is very wealthy. He thinks there is an insufficient force on the work. The party arrived at Marlinton Thursday and went that night to Mt. Grove.

In spite of the fact that nearly all the contractors are working short-handed, the amount of work which has been done in the past three months on the Greenbrier Railway is marvelous. The work advances steadily and next year will see trains running to the head of the river. A per cent of the hands brought in here do not stick and while the come in state riding in road wagons, they are to be seen strolling out foot back. A Pocahontas man hates to see even one hand quit work, and feels like telling him to get back to work.

Work will be commenced on the bridge across the Greenbrier below Marlinton this week. The bridge above Marlinton is to have three piers in addition to the two abutments. This is occasioned by its being slightly curved. The original specifications called for one pier and the other two piers are the result of a recent change. The whereabouts are that heavy freight will be handled by this road. Stone for this bridge comes from W. C. Mann's place, about four miles distant.

Nature seems to have designed Douthard's creek and the North Branch of Anthony's creek for a thoroughfare between Drisco and the White Sulphur. The writer was keeping up a careful outlook for the "divide" when he came to a tivolist of fox cooches, and upon observation found the water course reversed and so discovered that if he wanted to see the "divide" he would have to retrace his steps a few hundred yards. There is a marvellous growth of oak and pine at the head of Douthard's creek which is virtually intact and awaits development that will bequeath a great reward some one in the future.

There are seven stores in Marlinton and two blacksmith shops instead of two stores and one blacksmith shop, as reported by the Alleghany Sentinel. One could think that a paper which prints the limited amount of news which appears in the Sentinel would be able to get their items absolutely correct.

The Ubiquitous Game Warden.

A Pleasant Outing Marred by the Hunters' License Law.

Last week a party from Virginia came, as such parties have come from time immemorial, to enjoy a hunt in West Virginia. Over in the Old State, Pocahontas is known as a good country to hunt in. The party consisted of A. H. Rumbold, William Fulton, Charles Crenshaw, Ben Riley, Misses Mary, Frederick Ellen Garnett, M. Garnett, and Miss Stone. They passed through Marlinton Sunday week. Mr Rumbold was the leader of the party. He has visited Williams River a number of times recently and has acquired a liking for that charming bit of creation. Their object was game in large and small quantities. Mr Rumbold was attired in the most approved hunting togs and had on an Alpine hat set off by an eagle's plume. Since his last visit here the legislature in an insidious way passed a law requiring all non-residents to pay a license of \$25 who would hunt in the forests of this State. At this price the law is practically prohibitory, and is meant to preserve the West Virginia game for West Virginians.

A member of the party was warned while on his way to the woods by a friend that he was required to sue out a license, but it made very little impression on him.

The party pitched their tents at the Penick Meadows, the ladies occupying the vacant house at that point.

Henry Dawson, deputy game warden, was in town and when he had time to get settled he went to reconnoitre the camp. He arrived at Enoch McNeill's (O. E. Beard's place) Thursday night and spent the night with him. Next morning he borrowed a Winchester and went down to the mouth of Tea Creek before daylight man-hunting. He passed the tents of Mr Rumbold and saw that one had passed within two feet of his ear as silently and swiftly as an arrow. The bird was dropping down from the top of the mountain using its wings only in steering its way among the tree trunks. The bird was out of range before the hunter remembered he had a gun.

While at the mouth of Tea Creek he heard a shot and the cry of a hound as it passed through a famous stand above him at the mouth of Sugar Creek. He appeared at the mouth of Sugar Creek and found Mr Rumbold on the stand. The hunter recognized the game warden and said:

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm always where I'm not wanted."

"I believe you!"

"Beautiful morning," said Mr Dawson.

"Yes."

"Having a fine time, I suppose."

"Yes; but getting no game."

"Let me see your license!"

But there was no license and they went up to the camp together.

The morning's hunt had resulted in one grey squirrel, one mink, and one muskrat. The mink had been killed at the deadwater and one of the men had swum the stream to get the body. There was a conclusive case against the four men of the party, but the warden was disposed to be magnanimous and proposed to take the confessions of two of them if they were disposed to submit to the inevitable, but if not he would take the whole party to the county seat there to be dealt with according to law. Dawson's inscrutable ways have the desired effect generally, and he held all the trump cards.

They surrendered and ratified the treaty, but wanted to pay him there instead of coming the 10 miles to Marlinton.

This burst the game warden's feelings and he told them he was no blackmailer and that they must appear in court.

So a sombre party came in a spring wagon personally conducted by the polite Mr Dawson. He thought that yonder eagle's plume in the crest of the leader drooped slightly compared to the angle it maintained on its way out to the river.

Squire Bird—who is the right justice for those who violate the bird law—received them and their confessions, and in a kind and considerate way fined them \$25 each and costs. They were induced to grumble and revile Dawson, calling him "Bones," a name suggested by his general appearance. The imperturbable Dawson smiled on them. They also mentioned the fact that they expected to look more closely after West Virginians who invaded their precincts hence forth.

Monday the party passed through Marlinton having broken camp.

Mr Rumbold had a bugle and as he came in sight of the justice's court-house he blew some notes which under the circumstances seemed a challenge. The eagle plume, drooping no longer, was raised in warlike and threatening manner.

Born to Mr and Mrs William Irvin a son and a daughter. These are the first twins to be born in Marlinton.

R. B. Huddock of Barbour county is in Pocahontas looking after real estate.

A young lady living in Kingwood swallowed a needle 4 years ago. Last week the same needle was removed from the right arm of a young man who had been keeping company with her since she swallowed the needle—Exchange

Woodland Notes.

A few weeks ago nine large white breasted hawks were to be seen flying together towards the south disappearing into the "invisible ether." This was explained by a woodsmen who said that this hawk—Richardson's hawk, he said—migrates with the song birds upon which it lives, and that they would reappear with the birds next summer. This hawk is about the size of the red-tailed hawk or squirrel hawk, which stays here all winter.

A fox squirrel (sciurus cinereus) was killed on George McCollum's place on the mountain the other day. It was treed in the open and killed with a stone. They are rather uncommon in this section. In size they are about as large as a small house cat. They are of a tawny yellow or gray color. This is the Northern fox squirrel. The Southern fox squirrel (sciurus niger) formerly abounded in this county in considerable numbers. It was called the black fox and its skin was very valuable. Besides these two there is a western variety not known here.

An observer of nature said to the writer the other day: "You can make the announcement in your paper that the white-oak mast is froze and is turning black and falling off." This was caused by the first frosts which were remarkably severe. It means a good deal for the game, for most of the wild animals thrive when there is plenty of mast in the white-oak woods. It forms an important item in the fattening of hogs also.

The white thorn and the wild grape vines are loaded with fruit this year, making plenty of good food for the ruffed grouse, pheasant, or partridge as it is variously called. A hunter was standing on the side of a mountain looking down the hillside for squirrels. He felt the wind of a flying grouse, and saw that one had passed within two feet of his ear as silently and swiftly as an arrow. The bird was dropping down from the top of the mountain using its wings only in steering its way among the tree trunks. The bird was out of range before the hunter remembered he had a gun.

While at the mouth of Tea Creek he heard a shot and the cry of a hound as it passed through a famous stand above him at the mouth of Sugar Creek. He appeared at the mouth of Sugar Creek and found Mr Rumbold on the stand. The hunter recognized the game warden and said:

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm always where I'm not wanted."

"I believe you!"

"Beautiful morning," said Mr Dawson.

"Yes."

"Having a fine time, I suppose."

"Yes; but getting no game."

"Let me see your license!"

But there was no license and they went up to the camp together.

The morning's hunt had resulted in one grey squirrel, one mink, and one muskrat. The mink had been killed at the deadwater and one of the men had swum the stream to get the body. There was a conclusive case against the four men of the party, but the warden was disposed to be magnanimous and proposed to take the confessions of two of them if they were disposed to submit to the inevitable, but if not he would take the whole party to the county seat there to be dealt with according to law.

Dawson's inscrutable ways have the desired effect generally, and he held all the trump cards.

They surrendered and ratified the treaty, but wanted to pay him there instead of coming the 10 miles to Marlinton.

This burst the game warden's feelings and he told them he was no blackmailer and that they must appear in court.

So a sombre party came in a spring wagon personally conducted by the polite Mr Dawson. He thought that yonder eagle's plume in the crest of the leader drooped slightly compared to the angle it maintained on its way out to the river.

Squire Bird—who is the right justice for those who violate the bird law—received them and their confessions, and in a kind and considerate way fined them \$25 each and costs. They were induced to grumble and revile Dawson, calling him "Bones," a name suggested by his general appearance. The imperturbable Dawson smiled on them. They also mentioned the fact that they expected to look more closely after West Virginians who invaded their precincts hence forth.

Monday the party passed through Marlinton having broken camp.

Mr Rumbold had a bugle and as he came in sight of the justice's court-house he blew some notes which under the circumstances seemed a challenge. The eagle plume, drooping no longer, was raised in warlike and threatening manner.

Born to Mr and Mrs William Irvin a son and a daughter. These are the first twins to be born in Marlinton.

R. B. Huddock of Barbour county is in Pocahontas looking after real estate.

A young lady living in Kingwood swallowed a needle 4 years ago. Last week the same needle was removed from the right arm of a young man who had been keeping company with her since she swallowed the needle—Exchange

YOU'D BETTER HURRY!

FOR WE ARE

Going! Going!

— No No Yet — "Gone" But

OUR STOCK IS STEADILY GROWING LESS

BECAUSE PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE BARGAINS WE OFFER.

Some People Jumping

On our Wholesale Prices

Fit the Family For Next Winter

Have You?

THE GOLDEN RULE:
Let Goods and Prices Talk!

Marlinton, West Virginia

See our Capes

The \$2.50